

GOOD

BYE

JIM

JAMES
WHITCOMB

RILEY

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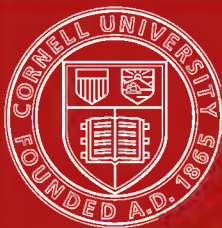
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Goodbye Jim.



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GOOD-BYE, JIM

BOOKS BY
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

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AFTERWHILES
PIPES O' PAN AT ZEKESBURY
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THE FLYING ISLANDS OF THE NIGHT
GREEN FIELDS AND RUNNING BROOKS
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Greenfield Edition.
12 volumes.



Howard Chandler Christy, 1913

GOOD-BYE, JIM

By

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Illustrated by

HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Decorations by

BERTHA STUART

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Guessed he'd tackle her three years more

When the army broke out

And likin' him all to hisse'f

Take keer of yourse'f

But when Cap. Biggler he writ back

"Tell Jim Good-bye"

Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore

The old man wound up a letter to him

Tuk the papers, the old man did

Jim, a lieutenant and one arm gone

And the old man, bendin' over him

#

DEDICATION

To Clint. Hamilton

GOOD-BYE, JIM

Old man never had much to say—

‘Ceptin’ to Jim,—

And Jim was the wildest boy he had—

And the old man jes’ wrapped up in him!

Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life,—and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The old man backin' him, fer three months ;



—Francis B. O'Donnell—

And all 'at I heerd the old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away,—
“Well, good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!”

'Peared-like, he was more satisfied

Jes' *lookin'* at Jim

And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see? —

'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!



Howard Chandler Christy

And over and over I mind the day
The old man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim—

And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say,

“ Well, good-bye, Jim :

Take keer of yourse'f ! ”



Howard Chandler Christy, 1892

Never was nothin' about the *farm*

Disting'ished Jim;

Neighbors all ust to wonder why

The old man 'peared wrapped up in him:

But when Cap. Biggler he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole dern rigiment, white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—



Copyright 1901 by Charles G. Loring

'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen,—

The old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said: "Tell Jim
Good-bye,
And take keer of hisse'f."



— Jason Chandler, Chicago, 1862

Jim come home jes' long enough

To take the whim

'At he'd like to go back in the calvery—

And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!

Jim 'lowed 'at he 'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he 'd tackle her three years more.
And the old man give him a colt he 'd raised,
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,

And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade—
Tel finally he rid away,

And last he heerd was the old man say,—

“Well, good-bye, Jim :

Take keer of yourse’f!”



Tuk the papers, the old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim—
Fully believin' he 'd make his mark
Some way—jes' wrapped up in him!—

And many a time the word 'u'd come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum—
At Petersburg, fer instunce, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,



And *tuk* 'em, and p'inted 'em t' other way,
And socked it home to the boys in gray,
As they scooted fer timber, and on and on—

Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,
And the old man's words in his mind all day,—
 “ Well, good-bye, Jim :
 Take keer of yourse'f ! ”

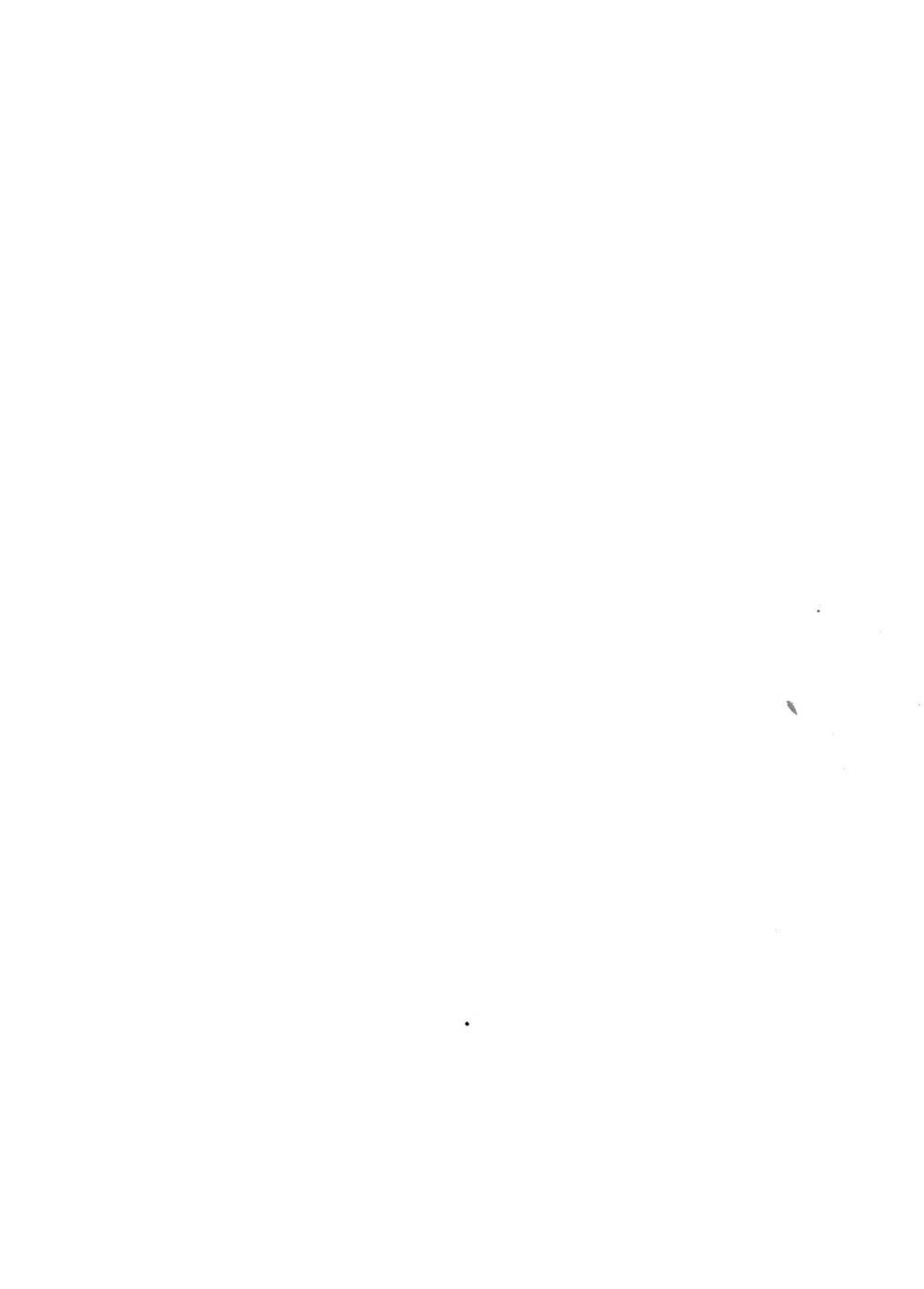


Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We 'll say like Jim,
'At 's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps—
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!

Think of him—with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim,
And the old man, bendin' over him—



Howard Chandler Christy 1918



The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At had n't leaked fer years and years,
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his ears,—

“ Well, good-bye, Jim :
Take keer of yourse’f ! ”

THE END

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